

## WIFE'S SLIPPERS AND RING STOLEN FOR HIS NEW BRIDE

Jamison Gets Month in the Tombs, Then Must Face Bigamy Charge.

DIARY IS A TELLTALE.

It Discloses Still Another Wife

—Nos. 2 and 3 Met, Then Fireworks.

Harry Jamison, dapper twenty-six-year-old Lothario, who stole wife No. 2's shoes to put on the feet of wife No. 3 and was held in \$1,000 bail, Wednesday, while a warrant charging bigamy could be obtained in Greenwich, Conn., was sentenced by Magistrate Kernohan in the Harlem Court, to-day, to one month in the Tombs for stealing the shoes of wife No. 2 and as soon as Harry gets out, he will be brought down to Greenwich, where a nice little programme is being arranged for him. Wife No. 1, with whom Jamison is said to have lived in Pittsburgh, does not figure in the present mixup.

All day yesterday wives No. 2 and No. 3, who have become great friends through their common interest in Harry's future, were busy in Greenwich getting out the warrant from Judge Hubbard and arranging matters to put the kibosh on their common husband. In court the other day Harry looked every inch the little dancer whose turkey trotting skill in the light fantastic had won Miss Alice Webster, twenty-one-year-old stenographer of No. 20 Manhattan avenue, and then little Estelle Kaiser, whom he married in Greenwich.

Jamison sat in Harlem Court to-day and cursed all engagement rings and white satin slippers, as well as destiny in general and the writing of things in a book.

WHITE SATIN SLIPPERS AND RING WERE ALL READY.

Jamison, who lives at No. 28 West One Hundred and Eighth street, went Saturday to Greenwich, Conn., with Miss Kaiser of No. 16 West One Hundred and Forty-first street.

"I love you!" said Jamison. "Well, I love you, too."

Jamison reached into his vest pocket and produced an engagement ring, which he slipped on Miss Kaiser's finger. Then he opened his valise and took out a pair of white satin slippers.

"There!" he said.

So they were married, in Greenwich, by Justice of the Peace William C. Hansen, who smiled a fatherly smile and made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion.

It was a surprised Justice who looked over his spectacles yesterday and beheld the Saturday bride, accompanied by her father and a woman who was presented as Mrs. Alice P. Webster-Jamison. Conversation followed in low tones, and then Sheriff Winnogah, with a warrant, accompanied the party back to New York.

They certainly pulled it upon Jamison in court to-day.

First Mrs. Estelle Kaiser-Jamison told how she had met Mrs. Alice P. Webster-Jamison and had procured the warrant charging Jamison with bigamy. Then Mrs. Alice P. Webster-Jamison explained how she had caused Jamison's arrest on a charge of petty larceny.

WIVES NO. 2 AND 3 ARE GREAT CHUMS NOW.

"That was my wedding ring and those were my white satin slippers!" she declared. "I missed them only a few days ago. And to think he would steal them from me and give them to another woman!"

Mrs. Alice P. Webster-Jamison added that while Jamison was away honeymooning she also discovered that she was wife No. 2, as she found a diary Jamison wrote while he was a married man in Pittsburgh.

"I don't care," sobbed Mrs. Estelle Kaiser-Jamison, "the old slippers didn't fit me anyway!"

Young Jamison's father is wealthy and owner of the newspaper "Landmark" of White River Junction, Conn. To-day Mrs. Webster, mother of Jamison's second wife, said her son-in-law had borrowed \$200 from her, all the money she had, and had not returned it. Communication was held with the elder Jamison, who promised to make good the loan.

Deputy Sheriff Finnegan arrived to-day from Greenwich, ready to take Harry back, charged with bigamy. He will have to wait a month, however. After their husband received the sentence, both wives linked arms and left the courtroom smiling.

### GIRL TAKES POISON.

Quick Aid Saves Lillian Loom, Out of Work and Despondent.

In despair because she was out of work, Lillian Loom, eighteen, spent her last pennies on alcohol and carbolic acid. It is said, and was found unconscious early to-day on the sidewalk at Grand street and Manhattan avenue, Williamsburgh. Patrolman Matthew Maloney called Dr. Hart of St. Catherine's Hospital and the girl's life was saved.

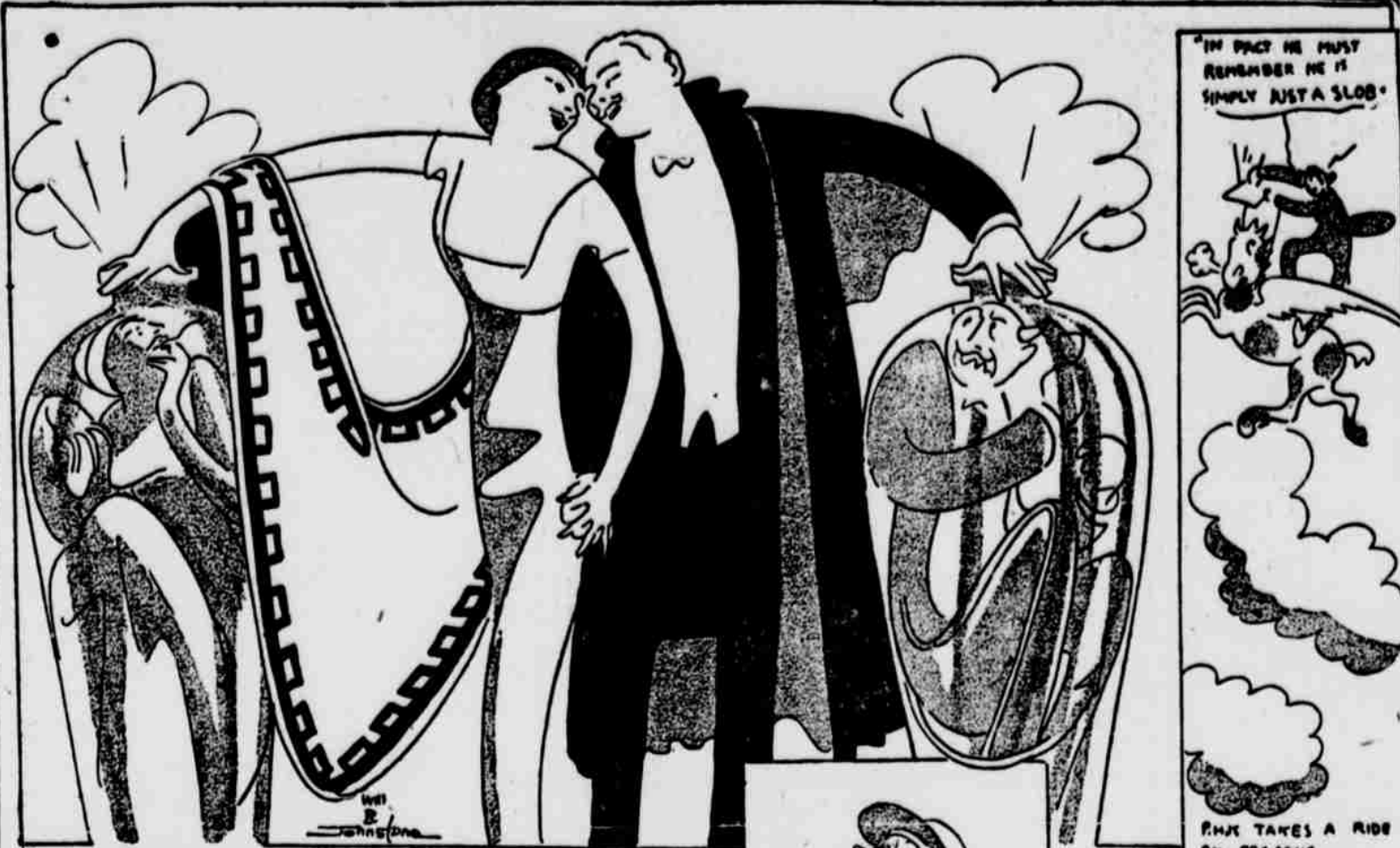
She told the police that she came from Russia, a year ago, hoping to earn enough to bring her aged mother. She got employment in a shop where women's sweaters were made, but could barely earn more than \$5 a week. Four weeks ago she was laid off owing to slackness of work and left dependent on the charity of the people with whom she roomed, at No. 66 Metropolitan avenue, she decided to die.

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## WHAT IS THE IDEAL HUSBAND? Sixth Article of a Series.

### He Must Agree With His Wife at All Times And Make Her Happy, Is a Woman's Opinion

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"He Is Simply Just a Slob," Writes "P. H. K.," and It Is the Belief of "T. Y. E." That "It Is a Case of Young People Deceiving Each Other During Courtship and Bottling Up Known Troubles for the Future."

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

Germany, should never be aggravated

and the German point of view?

It might be possible for a man and a woman of widely different tastes, occupations and recreations to dwell forever in perfect amity. But given different prejudices, and discord is sure to result at one time or another. Do you know any man and woman with the same set of prejudices? I don't. The ideal husband and wife may like different things, but they must like the same things. That's why they're so scarce.

Perhaps it might be a good idea for a young man to discover what he dislikes most of anything in the world, and then set about finding a girl with an aversion to match.

COMMON ENMITY CREATES A STRONG BOND.

It is well known that a common enmity creates a much stronger bond than a common friendship. Two young persons, for instance, who ascertained in each other a love for the style and beauty of the English language might form an offensive and defensive alliance against phonetic spelling. Of course their obsessions might take other directions. They might be brought together by a common hatred of bridge whist, afternoon tea or magazine poetry.

Whatever its form, there must be some mental point of contact, some shared aversion, some prejudice, which they may cultivate joyfully during their joined lives.

But men and women conceal their opinions from each other during courtship with the same painstaking precision with which they exploit and develop them afterward. I know a highly intelligent woman who left her husband because they could not agree or the subject of labor unions.

GAVE HIS FINAL ANSWER WITH A CLUB.

"One evening," she told me, "my husband came home to dinner and related to me as a great joke that a friend of his who owned a lumber yard had knocked down the leader of a group of workmen who came to him to discuss certain grievances they had. The employer picked up a piece of wood in the yard and struck the spokesman."

"That's my answer," he said, and walked away. Well, my husband laughed and expected me to laugh. He became furious when I told him what I thought of his friend. The idea that he would laugh at and approve such a revolting incident sickened me. That night I sat on the edge of my bed and reviewed the whole seven years of my married life. Everywhere I found new evidence of the essential coarseness and selfishness, the utter disregard of human rights shown by the man I had married, and I vowed suddenly to myself "This is the end!" Next morning I came

A woman reader of The Evening World assures me that the ideal husband may be long or short, fat or lean, bald or curly-haired, but he must agree with his wife in all things, and the ideal wife must agree with him.

Surely a whole flock of dodos would be eager to discover than a man who agrees always with his wife or a wife who never differs from her husband.

Wouldn't it be more than miraculous if John Jones of Hoboken, New Jersey, who meets, loves and marries Sarah Schmidt of Darmstadt, by the contrast between the Hoboken

East to New York. I have never seen my husband since!"

Of course, the woman who will leave her husband on such ground as this is an exception. The average household is much more apt to split on whether or not boiled onions are digestible or panner skirts becoming.

Here is a letter from a married man which all young men who think of qualifying as ideal husbands should read with profit. Also, a young Englishman tells his sad adventures in search of the ideal girl and a poet contributes a rhymed definition of the ideal husband:

DO YOU YOUNG PEOPLE LOOK BEFORE THEY LEAP?

Dear Madam: Do young people really satisfy themselves they are of one mind, that they are agreeable to each other? Are they satisfied they are fitted for the different requirements to be the head of a family? Can she keep house in all its requirements? What experience has she had? Did she not go to the store, factory or office to work at the time she should have been home learning housekeeping? Likewise, what are the young man's habits? Have the contracting parties discovered these things during courtship, or has it been only a spell of foolishness, good times and a case of being the utmost "to put it on" for one of the other to catch the bird? People marrying under such circumstances surely won't get along. They are to blame themselves for their troubles that soon develop. It is a case of deceiving during courtship already and bottling up the known troubles for future use.

T. Y. E.

Harrisburg, Pa.

CAN'T FIND A GIRL TO SUIT HIM, HE COMPLAINS.

Dear Madam: I am an Englishman, twenty-two years of age, and have been in this country four years and will soon be a citizen. During that period I have been acquainted with quite a number of girls about the same age as myself. I have taken them to shows, seaside resorts and have tried to please them in many ways to find out if they had any affection, any desire for an honest and straightforward fellow, who was anxious to find a woman worthy of an honest love, and up to the present I am sorry to say that I haven't met one with anything but a mad desire for good times, excitement and the like which makes me sick at heart.

D. C. A.

To be the ideal husband of the woman of to-day

A man must needs a preparation school.

And in every altercation must let her have her way.

And in his homely kingdom let her rule. He must never try to cross her when she sets him to a job.

Not even a suggestion till it's done. In fact he must remember he is simply just a slob.

And must do her bidding always on the run.

"This is the end!" Next morning I came



ALL SHE SEES IN HIM IS A GOOD TIME, WAITES D.C.A.

## \$70,000 PLUNDER IN MYSTERIOUS TRAIN ROBBERY

Money Taken From Express Packages on Louisville and Nashville R. R.

PENSACOLA, Fla., Sept. 20.—Following closely a series of robberies by highwaymen on railroads in the South, the west-bound Louisville and Nashville train was robbed Wednesday between Pensacola and Flomaton, Ala.

News of the robbery did not become known until to-day.

It is reported that \$70,000 was stolen from express packages sent from Pensacola to Flomaton for the payment of employees of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad in that district.

According to the report current here to-day, the passenger train which left Pensacola at 1 o'clock Wednesday morning carried in the express car \$70,000 in currency from a local bank for Louisville and Nashville officials at Flomaton.

The sealed packages containing this sum are said to have been properly receipted for by express agents and messengers, but when they were made to the railroad authorities at Flomaton it is said that only \$5,000 of the shipment remained in the packages. The \$70,000 is said to have been carefully extracted and slips of paper cut from magazines substituted.

The shipment is said to have consisted principally of bills of small denomination, being for payroll purposes of the railroad.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 20.—Special agents of the Southern Express Company and detectives left New Orleans yesterday for Pensacola. It was admitted to-day, to investigate the robbery of express shipments of money between Pensacola and Flomaton. Officials here refuse to divulge the amount stolen.

AMERICAN NAVAL FORCES FIGHT NICARAGUAN REBELS.

Washington Gets News of Clash at Town Near Managua—Trying to Relieve Granada.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—A delayed cablegram from Rear-Admiral Southard dated Managua, N. P., Sept. 17, indicates that a battle has been fought between the American naval forces and the rebels at Barranca, fourteen miles south of Managua, and an equal distance from Granada, which the naval expedition was seeking to relieve.

The bluejackets and marines were fired upon by the rebels. Their leaders refused Admiral Southard's demand to open the way southward and he sent for reinforcements from Managua.

## TAFT CHANGES PLANS; HE WILL CUT BEVERLY FOR VIRGINIA RESORT

President Leaves Summer Home Oct. 20 for Hot Springs to Remain Until December.

BEVERLY, Mass., Sept. 20.—Plans for President's vacation here were changed to-day when it became known that the President probably will remain in Beverly only until Oct. 20. He had intended staying at Pymmatia until a few days before election and then closing up his summer home, travel to Cincinnati to vote.

According to the new plan the President will leave Beverly with Mrs. Taft for Hot Springs, Va., late in October. He will vote in Cincinnati and return to Hot Springs for a long stay, probably remaining there until a few days before Congress convenes in December.

The President had only a few callers on the list to-day. Curtis E. Hatfield, Republican State Chairman of Massachusetts and ex-Congressman Jacob Van Vechten of New York were two with whom the President expected to discuss politics.

Submarine Cruised to Canada.

LONDON, Sept. 20.—Commissioned by the Women's Social and Political Union to convert Canada to suffragism, Miss Barbara Wylie left to-day for Montreal. She is booked on the Empress of Ireland.

British Airship Wrecked.

DEVIZES, England, Sept. 20.—The British army airship "Gamma" struck a hillside while maneuvering near here to-day and was wrecked. The crew escaped unhurt. The "Gamma" was a dirigible balloon.

MR. DEW DIDN'T LIVE UP TO HIS NAME, SAYS WIFE.

Yelled at Her So Neighbors Could Hear, She Declares, and Made Her Work in Shop.

Joseph H. Dew, who is in the railroad business at No. 36 East Eighth street, is not as gentle as his name would seem to imply, according to his wife, Ray Dew, who to-day told a sum-

mons and complaint in a suit for separation in the Supreme Court.

Mrs. Dew didn't mind Mr. Dew's talking to her in tones of reproach that merely reverberated from one end of the flat to the other, but when he began to talk so violently that the neighbors in the adjoining apartments could hear everything he said, then, she declared, it was time to take action.

She accuses her husband of being violent in his actions toward her at various times and of expressing his general opinion of her in a voice that reached the roof, thereby humiliating her before the tenants. Furthermore, Mrs. Dew alleges, her husband not only refused to keep a servant for her and her four children, thus compelling her

to do the housework, but insisted that she go to business with him every day, and work there till it was time to go home.

Then when her work in her husband's place of business was completed, she says, she was compelled to go home and get his dinner for him as well as perform all the household work that had been left undone during the day. This she said she considered to be a bit too much, especially as she declared her husband didn't need her in his office at all.

She prayed the Court to grant her separation and such living expenses as can reasonably be expected out of a raincoat income of upwards of \$1,000 a year.

## DID THE GIRLS RUN AT CALL OF FIRE? SURE! FOR WATER!

And They Put That Factory Blaze Out, Too, Without Losing a Hairpin!

A dozen young women employed on the top floor of the L. & M. Adjustable Dress Form Company's plant at Nos. 378-388 Throop avenue, Brooklyn, performed heroic service to-day as firefighters when a blaze started in the stock room where the stationery was stored.

The fire was blazing in one corner of the room when Samuel Edelman, a young stock clerk, discovered it. When he notified Miss Molly Tesken, the forewoman, she at once assembled her girls and directed them to where the buckets and fire extinguishers were kept.

"Gammie," she shouted to young Edelman, "you run downstairs and turn in the alarm. We girls will go after the fire this minute." And they did. Not one of those heroic young women showed any symptoms of panic, and by the time the men in the factory came upstairs, followed by the firemen from Engine Company No. 117, the fire was out.

## EX-KING MANUEL IS "PULLED IN" BY POLICE OF PARIS

Halted as a Suspect, He Badgers Them, Then Has Laugh in the End at Station House.

PARIS, Sept. 20.—A very well appearing youth was strolling along the Champs Elysees. In his buttonhole was the rosette of the Legion of Honor. Two policemen approached, clanking their swords.

"You're too young to be a chevalier of the Legion of Honor," said one. "It's a punishable offense to wear a Legion of Honor decoration unless you 'belong'."

"I'm not a chevalier, I'm higher than that," replied the youth.

"An officer, maybe," sneered the cop. "Higher than that, too," quoth the youth.

"Ah, a commander," observed the policeman, contorting his face in an effort to multiply his sneer.

"I'm higher than a commander," said the youth blandly.

"Oh, I see," responded the policeman. "You've got the grand cross. This is a little bit too much. You come along to the station with us."

The youth went. At the station he handed the commissary of police his card. He was ex-King Manuel of Portugal, that was all. He established his identity, too. Laughing, he left the station. The two policemen are still worrying, however, lest the laugh concealed a yearning for revenge.

This happened last night.

## SEARCH MOUNTAIN TOP FOR ENGINEER LOST TWO DAYS IN MIST.

Band of Men Fail to Get Trace of John McKeenan, Who Was Surveying on Mount Washington.

BRETTON WOODS, N. H., Sept. 20.—Nearly a hundred men and boys searched the woods at Mount Washington to-day for traces of John M. Keenan of Charlestown, Mass., who on Wednesday became lost in the clouds and fog that envelop the summit. Keenan had not been found at noon.

The missing man is a civil engineer engaged in the work of laying out lines for a proposed new electric railway of the Boston and Maine Railroad up the mountain.

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